

# Morgan's Night Out - Three Years Later

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Synopsis The various transformee victims of Morgan the Witch's magic regroup to discuss how their lives have changed since the incident three years ago. A sequel to my story Morgan's Night Out.

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Morgan's Night Out - Three Years Later

Content Warning: Contains male to female TG, inanimate TF, animal TG, rapid pregnancy, age regression, and racial TF. Themes of race are for story purposes only.

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It was only their third meeting and things were still awkward, especially given the nature of some of their changes. It had taken a long time for members of the group to find one another; many had preferred to hide their changes and try to get on with their new lives, while others - whether through magical compulsion or their own shame - had to be found out from various witness accounts and careful guesswork. As a result, the 'Transformee Talkgroup' had been slow to form, and had dredged up uncomfortable memories of very different lives for some. As a result, there was some fear that the group would disintegrate before it even had time to get started. Samantha was adamant that this could not happen. She'd spent a great deal of time searching for others that had been transformed that night; 'Morgan's Night' they called it, or simply 'That Night', as if the mercurial witch was more a force of nature than a human being, albeit a magical one. Chen Hwau had been the first to

reply, and had helped organise the get-togethers. Chad had been initially reluctant, but poor Roxie had dragged him back both times, eager to at least be able to hear confessions and testimonies from others. Tonight, it was Raven and Sita's first appearance. As far as they all knew, this was all of them from that night, all in the same room together.

The ones who had been changed.

Samantha waited for them to arrive, feeling impatient and nervous. And more than a little overburdened. Her enormous belly weighed heavily on her thighs while seated, but it was far more comfortable than standing, which she had never managed for more than a couple of hours. Her triplets were, thankfully, currently all asleep inside of her, only occasionally stirring as they dreamed, but she knew it would only be a matter of time before the powerful kicks and shifting of her litter caused her to involuntarily moan. Her body had been paused on the cusp of her due date for three full years, her belly and breasts large and heavy and waited so, so damn long to finally give birth. Even now, she could feel her reserves of milk building up in her large mammaries, and she sighed, overburdened and sweating.

Three damn years of not seeing her feet, and existing as a living home for three little lives that depended on her utterly. Her friends had had it easy. They simply slept and subsided off the nutrients her body gave them. It was she, the former leader of their little miscreant gang, who had to suddenly become responsible.

And by God she had. If they could see Samantha now, they would not recognise her. She rested, unbelievably large belly dominating her body, in a loose green maternity dress, her former short hair now long and luscious; one of the few perks of her freak gestation. She looked like a respectable single mother who had simply been knocked up far more than expected, right down to a pair of breasts that were concealed within her top but managed to bulge out the material anyway. Already, her milk was seeping into the nursing pads.

"God, when am I actually going to be able to nurse you guys?"

She rubbed her distended womb, sighing heavily. It was like having a boulder attached to her, one that made her feel the need to pee every hour. Just getting changed after a long hot shower each day was a struggle. She could only hope that Morgan had told her the truth; after three years, she would go into labor. That could well be tonight.

"Which damn well better not happen yet," she muttered, poking the taut skin of her immense mound, "because I worked very hard to get this meeting organised, and the painter for the nursery is set to come tomorrow."

"Oh, Samantha, you look so beautiful! I can see great mother in you!"

Samantha looked up to see that, just a little before the get-together was set to begin, Chen Hwau had arrived. She was a pretty Chinese immigrant with a rounded dome of her own, one that looked very large on her petite figure, though still smaller than Sam's. She pushed a stroller ahead of her, putting it in lock mode once she found a place to park it. Inside, two adorable sleeping twins rested, breathing gently.

Beautiful little boys.

"Chen, thanks for coming! They look so beautiful," she said.

"They are. My little treasures. Even when waking up to just want mother's milk. You will know soon."

"Ugh, don't remind me. But it's so good to see you," she said as she tried and failed to rise from the chair. That damn triplet belly was so difficult sometimes. All times, in fact.

"No get up! I am sitting down also. Belly is sooo ffff, so ffff... it is real heavy today." She rubbed her large belly, looking a little annoyed. Sam remembered that part of Morgan's curse meant that the former white male - who had been quite the cusser - was now incapable of swearing or using slurs of any kind. She gave up trying, and instead sighed in relief as she sat also in one of the chairs, placing down a basket. She was dressed in a gorgeous red and gold qipao that hugged her maternal figure.

"Are you sure you're just having twins, Chen? You look huge."

The woman gave an awkward chuckle. "I know! So big! I feel like big elephant. But only twins, again. Fred thinks I will definitely have the triplet at some point. I am dreading it." She looked awkwardly to Samantha, and her eyes went wide. "Oh, I no mean quite like that!"

Sam just waved her down, before settling a hand over her incredibly large belly. "It's alright. I know exactly what you mean. Between the weird cravings these kids give me, and the fact that I have random strangers trying to rub me for good luck, not to mention how overheated and uncomfortable I am in bed, I think even twins would feel like heaven. Speaking of cravings, do I smell spring rolls?"

Chen lit up. "Oh, yes, I am so forgetful in third trimester. I brought food and drink for everyone. I couldn't not, you understand?"

Sam sighed. She knew that Chen was compelled by Morgan's curse to be a perfect housewife; to cook and clean the house for her husband Fred, to have his babies and raise them diligently. And, of course, to be a wonderful cook for their breakfast and dinner. She couldn't not, as she put it. And that extended to bringing her wonderful homemade snacks to the meeting.

Sam couldn't deny they were delicious, however, and eagerly at one after Chen had managed to lift her own heavy belly and waddle over to offer some samples.

"Mmhhmm, that hits the spot. I was seriously craving this, Chen. You're amazing. And your English is getting better too."

Chen beamed. "You think? I try very hard. Getting better every day. Won't ever lose accent, part of curse. But hope to get syntax right and not be so much stereotype."

Sam chuckled internally. They both realised it, as soon as she said it. The man Chen had been - Mark - believed in all the worst stereotypes. Now, as a devoted pregnant Chinese wife, she wanted to break free of

them.

It did, at least, speak to self-improvement, something Samantha herself had worked upon heavily. And something she planned to share, once the others arrived.

"Oh, look, here they come!"

She looked up to see that, indeed, they had made a semi-timely arrival. She checked her watch. Impressive, only ten minutes late. And with several more members than expected, which was great to see. Each gave an awkward wave, a "Hi Samantha," or a "this is definitely the right place then", or simply "Morgan victims? Cool. Right place."

They each took a seat, and while Chen eagerly served them each some home-made spring rolls and chicken lettuce wraps, Sam considered each of the people before her.

Beyond herself and Chen, there was Chad, the attractive 26-year old who kept in prime physical shape, and had an adorable German Shepherd on a leash. The dog, whose collar named her 'Roxie', pulled her master forward with excitement, accepting pats from Samantha and sniffing at her belly before Chad managed to get her back near his seat. He said a cordial hello to Chen and asked her how the babies were going. He'd already attended previous 'transformee group' meetings, so he knew not to do the same for Sam.

The answer, after all, was, "No change. Still mega-pregnant as fuck."

Also a previous visitor was Aaron Barker, who, while not a transformee himself, was still the victim of a curse from Morgan that night, one that involved his best friend. That friend was clearly with him now, and looking very awkward and embarrassed as she hugged her upper left arm and gingerly took a seat. She was almost impressively short, adorned all in black and purple, a tinge of the latter in her black hair that had been given an undercut on one side. She had a nose piercing, and another on her left eyebrow, and wore a black studded leather jacket over a dark corset, a corset that was struggling to contain a pair of very ripe breasts. She wore a ripped plaid skirt, purple and black in colour also, and a set of knee high black boots. Samantha had to admit she absolutely owned the look, the very image of a punk-goth girl, complete with the sexy white thigh skin between the top of her stockings and the hem of her skirt. She sat, and held Aaron's hand.

"That must be Raven," she said to herself.

The other newcomer had exactly the opposite attitude towards the nervous goth. A dark-skinned woman who looked to be of Indian or Bangladeshi descent practically bounced into the room, and that wasn't the only thing that bounced. The girl, who had a petite figure, was the most stacked woman of her size Samantha had ever seen. Her boobs were practically the size of her own head, and they seemed to wobble and jiggle at every slight movement as if they had their own life. They were struggling to be contained in her low cut white top, which was already exposing a dangerous level of cleavage. Unlike the near-silence of Raven, the woman who must be Sita took a seat with visible glee.

"Oh my God, this so cool you guys. I can't believe you all managed to

find each other. This is so crazy, thanks for inviting me!" She shook her shoulders, and the mountains on her chest wobbled. Samantha was impressed she could stand up straight. She looked to Chen, who was checking over her babies in their stroller. The housewife gave her a nod before moving to give everyone some snacks.

"Well, we might as well make a start. Thank you for coming, Sita. And you must be Raven. I'm Samantha. Sam, if you like. This is Chen, Chad, the German Shepherd is Roxie, and I believe this is Aaron. I'm so thankful you could all make it. I hope the living room is okay."

The group looked around at her living space. It was impressively clean for someone who was living alone and deeply pregnant. The settee had been arranged so everyone could comfortably find a space. Roxie even had a comfy bed to settle down in.

"As far as I'm aware, we here are all the individuals who were changed on Morgan's Night. I started this group with the intention of, well, being able to share my story with others I was comfortable with, and to start a support group of sorts for fellow transformers that are victims of Morgan. Very few people have been what we've been through - some don't even believe us, and others like to ignore us. But while the changes Morgan wreaked on our lives are all different, we can still help one another. At least, after three years of lugging this belly around, that's what I've come to believe.

"I remind everyone that if they don't feel comfortable talking then they don't have to. This is a listening group as much as a speaking one, and we're all here to support one another. We were all changed that night, and how we deal with that depends on many factors. I've done some real soul searching since, and God knows I've had to learn to be more responsible and reliant on others. Chen, you already know my story, and Chad maybe knows a little, but as this is the first time we've all been together, I feel perhaps it's best if I start us off."

"I'm guessing she got you pregnant," Raven said. She sat with her knees folded up and chin resting upon them, still looking a little anxious. Sam chuckled lightly.

"Yeah, you could say that. I - UGHH! - sorry." Her brow cringed as visible movement shook her gravid womb. The poor woman's skin became incredibly flushed, and her popped belly button made a very visible outline against her maternity dress. Higher up, her top was becoming slightly soaked with milk from her prodigious chest. She breathed heavily, rubbing her shifting mound which looked half the size of her it was so big. "Hoo, hee, hoo, haa," she breathed, "S-sorry... they just woke up - oohhh - and they're very active at the moment. Im-impatient, maybe. We all are."

Raven looked queasy. Chen gave Sam a comforting pat on the shoulder as she tried to settle her babies, and in a few awkward moments, her stomach seemed to settle down. "S-sorry. Where was I?

"You were telling us your story," prompted Chad as he patted Roxie.

"Ahh," she responded, seeming to react more to the strains of her immense pregnancy more than Chad's words. "I was rude to Morgan, so she c-cursed me to be p-pregnant with my three best friends: Harry, Carter,

and Heather. And she also cursed me so that I'd be pregnant with them for as long as three pregnancies took to form - one for each of them - in order to teach me what it's like to be responsible. I've - I've been stuck like this, like a big whale, for three years now, and I've been this big from the start!" She could see the astonished looks from Sita and Raven, and even Chad, who only knew part of her story. "For two years I've had to put up with sore ankles, big boobs that are always lactating, back pain, hot flashes, having to sleep uncomfortably on my side, and having this enormous belly with three kids squirming and kicking and sitting on my bladder. I know they're bored in there because they all kept their minds, but sometimes I think they make a game of moving around there and making me go pee every 15 minutes just for fun - NNNNGGH!"

Another bout of kicking followed, and Samantha's hair matted to her forehead due to the sweat that was forming across her brow. She gritted her teeth in response to the pulsating sensations of life within, the sensations she'd had to put up with for so long ever since that fateful night. She had, thankfully, prepared some damp cloths to wipe away the sweat.

"Ahh, they clearly don't approve of the accusation."

"How long you go before birth?" asked Chen Hwau, who was gently placing her child back into its stroller and retrieving the next for its feeding time.

Samantha groaned, clutching her enormous triplets-at-full-term belly. God, just telling the story was making her emotional. She'd wanted to be calm and professional, but her pregnancy hormones were making her almost teary-eyed. "Any d-day now. It's been twenty-seven months. I just want my water to b-break. Then I can - OhhhHH - then I can just be their m-mommy. I d-don't care how hard it will b-be, I just want to not be so - eeurrgghh - bloated and sore and so damn full all the time." She wiped some of her matted hair from her sweating forehead. "I've been pregnant at full-term for three years. I just w-want my body and my friends back. I can't even date, because who wants to deal with this body or responsibility for so long!?"

"I've had ultrasounds since - so many - and they all say the same: two girls, one boy. I don't know if Carter or Harry has switched genders - Morgan said something that night but I was too overwhelmed - but all I know is because of my rudeness one of them will have to live as a girl for the rest of his life." She sobbed a little at her own words.

The busty girl showing off her cleavage - the one called Sita - seemed to consider something. She adjusted her own chest gingerly before speaking. Chad pointedly was trying not to ogle.

"It could be more than one of them," she said.

The crowd looked her way.

"Sorry," she said sheepishly, "Dylan - my boobs," she indicated to that which could not be hidden, "just told me that they could both be girls if Heather got changed to a girl. They might all have switched genders."

Samantha's eyes went wide, and braced for what was coming. The squirming

inside intensified even further. Clearly, her babyfied friends did not appreciate that possibility.

"Sorry," Sita said, then looked down to her deep cleavage. "See? This is why you're stuck as my tits. You never know the right thing to say. Except that one guy you told me not to shack up with. Your choice was way better."

"Weird," Raven said.

Sita looks unconcerned, but leaned forward to eye the goth. "Says the cuty little big tiddy goth girl. Hang on, you seem familiar somehow..."

Raven turned the colour of her namesake, ivory cheeks going tomato red as she scrambled for another spring roll. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"I know... but you seem familiar anyway. Dylan says the same too."

"Well, don't trust a set of talking tits."

"NNHGH... if we can get back on topic," Sam said, and the conversation stopped, though Sita continued to eye the buxom punk girl with curiosity and interest. "Anyway, that's my story. Morgan made me pregnant with my best friends, and now they get to relive childhood again while I - nggh!! - I get to be a single mother raising triplets. I used to be the leader of the Fangs, that was my stupid motorcycle gang handle. As you can guess, I haven't ridden a motorcycle since that night. We were shitty graffiti artists and lawbreakers. I've had to turn my life around as Morgan said. I'm a travel agent now - I'm able to work from home and organise flights and bookings from my computer, and I earn good commissions. It helps me to stay centered, and it pays the bills so I could afford to slowly pay off this place, and build the coming nursery. I've worked my mega-pregnant butt off to make a better life for myself and my babies. Because they are my babies. They'll remember both lives, but they'll still have the minds of my kids. And I'll be their mommy. For all I know, I could go into labour tonight, on the exact three years since that day. I admit, it scares the absolute shit out of me. I've been a prisoner of this belly so damn long I don't even know what to do without it, or their little kicking. And the prospect of birth is fucking scary too. Three babies in one go. Anyway, that's my story. Would anyone else like to go?"

Chen patted Samantha on the arm. In her other, she held one of her baby boys, nestled over her belly as she breastfed him. His name was Kade. His brother Cameron was still sleeping.

"I go now," she said in a thick accent.

"Thank you Chen," Samantha said.

Chen glanced several times around the meeting circle, lingering on Samantha several times. Both of them knew the pitfalls of pregnancy after their chance encounters with Morgan, in different, albeit equally punishing ways. Finally, she sighed.

"I was a racist white man name Mark. I was harassing Asian woman. I tell her she didn't belong. She was scared and tried to call cab. I followed

her. Morgan saw me, told me to stop. I was rude to her. So she turn me into Chinese woman so I can experience what it's like. She made me bad at English, know Mandarin, and also make me wife to man who tred to save woman I insulted. My husband Fred."

"Wait, wait," said the black-haired girl, "she forced you to be someone's wife!?!? That's fucked up, man."

Chen nodded, blushing slightly. "I was very scared at time. I did not want to be Asian woman. Did not want to be Fred's wife. Really did not want to have babies. But my body did what it wanted, which was to be Fred's wife. I... I am very submissive to Fred. I clean, I cook good meals for him, and make ready for him when he wants."

Again Raven spoke up. "What's 'make ready for him' mean?"

Chen turned a deep shade of a red for a moment, and silently gestured to her rounded stomach.

"What does - oh."

The former racist-now-Asian-momma nodded with an embarrassed smile. "It is okay. First time, very scary. Very humiliating, but also feel good. I know others here also feel this."

She looked around the room. Roxie barked, which everyone took to be an agreement, but Raven the black-haired, busty beauty just looked down at her dainty hands.

"Now I am good housewife for Fred and make babies for him. He got me pregnant the first night. I got morning sickness, many times I vomit over the toilet. Boobs get bigger and sore to make milk which scares me. Later I find out I am pregnant with twins. More scary, but Fred was very excited and treated me like princess for having his babies. I grow big with twins, I already feel very uncomfortable in new body, and now also feel babies grow inside me! Stomach get very big, breasts bigger too, and I need help for many simple things, now I am weaker and full with child. And I experience racism, like I once had: some people make horrible comments to me, even in public. They call me mail-order wife, say I need to go back where I came from even though was I born here. They make fun of my English and accent, say I am making half-breeds in my stomach."

At this she rubbed her stomach with extra care.

"I was very angry at Morgan for this at the time, but also very embarrassed because this is what I do when I was white man, but now I am Asian woman who is pregnant with twins and I have to live with this. But strange thing happen: Fred defended me always when people do this. He made arguments, called out bad behaviour. Sometimes, when I receive comment when I am on my own he comes home to find me in tears. My pregnancy hormone makes crying much more common, and also comes much easier as woman."

"Yeah it fuckin' does," Raven agreed.

"When this happened, Fred sat down beside me and hold me tight, and rubbed my back or stomach to cheer me up. He says none of these things



are true. I argue back at first, say of course not true, I am white man, not Asian expectant mother. But one day he argued back against racist men and they fight him. He got beaten up defending my honor. No one did this for me before, and I know never did this for a woman when I was a man. My thought at time I still remember; 'I am proud to have babies from that man.' It was a mother's thought, and my boys kicked in approval. I think that day I began to fall in love with Fred and start to be proud to be his wife. He always call me beautiful, call my pregnancy beautiful, and I begin to think these things as well.

"So I keep growing big, keep being wife, and even as I get so big I also keep... making ready for him. Mostly because he wants but also because of the pregnancy hormone." She said this a little sheepishly. The former male still had some pride that was wounded. "I started to look forward to my children. Then water break. Giving birth, so scary! But despite hating my new situation, he stayed with me the whole time. Help me breathe. Held my hand when painful... and now I have two beautiful babies. I could not believe how I felt when my girls were put on my chest or began drinking milk from me. I could not believe I was no longer man but now mother. Fred did everything to help me recover and give me time and help. He is a wonderful father."

She stroked her belly lovingly, and her glance fell also to the sleeping child at her breast. She expertly placed him back in his stroller and re-adjusted her top.

"So this is my life now. I am Chen Hwau, and will be Fred's wife for long as we live, and give him many babies because of the curse making this so. Already we have two more on the way." She looked lovingly down at her stomach and patted it gently. "But I know also I will be pregnant many times and sometimes with triplets because of what Morgan said." She looked sympathetically to Samantha, who returned the look. "Some days are harder than others. Sometimes I wish I am man again. And so many babies to come! Makes me really worried. Some days I am so exhausted I just want to say ffffff... say ffffff..."

She petered out.

"Fuck?" Raven suggested."

Chen clapped, practically bouncing in her seat. "Yes, that word, please say that word again since I cannot. Some days I just want to say -"

"FUCK THIS SHIT!" Raven shouted, and the two women giggled together. Chen wiped a tear from her eye.

"Ahh, but I love my babies, and babies to come. I will be a good mother to them. I know I am going to have many babies so I must be the best mother in world. And I also want to be a good wife to Fred so my children know love is the answer, not hate I used to have. I hope you also find man who can help you raise baby and make you happy Samantha."

Samantha smiled a little in appreciation, even as she cringed in response to the intense squirming within her womb. Raven and Aaron just shared a quick awkward gaze and then stared in opposite directions, cheeks reddening.

"So I work hard to be a better person," Chen said, wrapping up. "Each

day. My English is returning, and I still love to watch football which Fred hates. Can't drink beer anymore, but will raise little boys and girls to join local team." She laughed.

"Thank you for speaking Chen," Sam said. "I think it's wonderful you are accepting your new life and that it's making you happy. Who would like to speak next?"

"I will then," spoke the muscled man known as Chad, though he didn't look like he really wanted to. The group waited a while as he worked up the effort to follow through, and it was Roxie the dog who eventually rose, and nudged at his heel, whimpering. He patted her gently.

"You're right Rox, you deserve to have your story told." He shifted awkwardly in his seat as he addressed everyone. "Um, hi I guess. Or whatever. I'm Chad. Chad Brynard. Before Morgan, I had a girlfriend named Rosa. We were going real steady. She could be a bit of a bitch - calm down girl, you know what I mean - but she was, well she was fine, you know. And I really did like her personality." He put his head in his hands. "Fuck, I'm sounding like such a meathead right now, aren't I?"

There was unanimous agreement from the women in the room.

"Whatever, my point is, we really gelled. We were prom king and queen. I was star of the football team, she was the head cheerleader. We were a power couple and all that. But she had a habit of competing with other girls, sometimes over stupid stuff; size of her tits, girls showing off their asses, all that."

Roxie gave a short growl.

"What? I'm just telling it like it is, Roxie. Anyway, she tried to start a bit of a catfight - well, a dogfight I guess - with Morgan that night at the Mint. That's the name of the club. Called Mogan a bitch, and Morgan turned her into a bitch for good. I went clubbing that night with a hot GF and came home with a fucking German Shepherd. And part of the curse is she's even hornier as a dog than she was as a human. Something Morgan did means that the poor girl is never not in heat. It's not torture - at least I don't think it is - it just means she's always prowling to find other dogs to mount her. Seriously, it doesn't end. She's like the fucking town bicycle of do - AAHH FUCK SORRY ROX! DOWN GIRL, DOWN!"

Roxie let go of his hand, and Chen - somehow - was already at his side with ice.

"No waking the babies," she said, gesturing with a finger at the dog. Roxie backed down and found her seat again. As thanks, Chen threw her a doggie treat, which she began happily chowing down upon.

"Look, I'm not good with the wordy stuff," he said. "But basically she's my dog now. I'm her master - she listens to my commands and mostly obeys them. From what I can tell, she doesn't age like a dog though - she might live as long as she did as a human. I don't really understand it. But my current girlfriend - Cindy - really loves Roxie. Roxie was all set to bark and bite her and chase her down the street like she does with the occasional car, but, you see, Cindy has a German Shepherd of her own. A male German shepherd."

"Jeez man, you let your ex get fucked by a dog." The comment had come from Raven, and Chad simply narrowed his eyes.

"This is a no judgement space," Samantha reminded them.

"I don't let my ex get fucked by dogs. She goes stir crazy and runs off the leash if it doesn't happen. She tried to resist it for a while, and occasionally I think she asserts herself for a couple of weeks, but in the end she goes back. So far, she's had five litters we've had to rehome. She was sad to see them go, but we get by communicating. She understood it kinda had to be done. Me and Cindy have talked about getting her desexed."

A whimper followed.

"But yeah, that's probably off the books. She doesn't like the idea. I honestly don't know how she feels about having all these litters, but hey, at least she's still getting it, right?"

"Poor Roxie," Raven said, and began brushing the dog's fur. The dog formerly known as Rosa pressed against the girl's hand. She was no longer embarrassed about loving pats, just like the thrill of chasing a good ball never wore off. Inside, she still wished she was human, and the litters often left the heft of her belly feeling heavy and sapping her energy, but just like when she was a human woman, good sex was difficult to resist. She was a bad bitch, even in her own mind.

"Anyway, fuck. Yeah, that's the whole story. Short, but you get it. Roxie wanted me to come here so I could tell it. She misses human companionship at times. As you can tell, I suck at, you know, giving good talk and all that."

"Thanks for - ooohh, calm down guys!" Sam said, rubbing her belly, "thanks for sharing, Chad. Who'd like to be next? Chen's just bringing out the next meal so I hope you don't mind if I indulge and just listen. This body wants calories. Pregnancy, right?"

"Ugh," Raven said.

"Would you like to say something, Raven?"

"No, no, I'll wait. I don't even know if I want to deal with this right now. It's like gearing up for the worst performance of a lifetime before a crowd of hecklers, and you just can't - "

Sita shot to her feet, causing her bosom to sway heavily. Even the women in the room found it a hypnotic sight. "THAT'S HOW I KNOW YOU!" she declared. "You're the lead singer of Get Punk'd!"

"Oh yeah!" said Chad. "Cindy and I went to a concert last year while Roxie had a sitter. "You were fucking rocking that guitar, man!"

"Yeah girl, you were an absolute beast. And hot as - and I don't usually go for girls all that often, so that means a lot."

Raven flushed. "Oh God just kill me," she said as she placed her head into her hands. Her breasts squished out to the sides slightly from her

forearms pressing into her chest.

"I knew it!" Sita continued, "you're the reason I'm wearing this top right now, because I saw you wearing it and I just needed to get it in a bigger size, you know, because you're tiny. And last year you were on that magazine cover as well."

"Kill me."

"I bought Cindy one of the leather jackets you used from GothGirlWeb," Chad continued. "She loved it, but it was a bit too small."

"You can all stop now."

"Oh and you absolutely shredded those notes. Fuck the Man, Fuck the System, and all that!"

"OKAY!" Raven yelled, "you've made your point. I'm a punk rocker. I sing in a band. I'm pretty good. It's weird for me; I used to make bets on Wall Street and now I'm railing against the system and dressing up all goth-punk. And the worst part is that I enjoy it. No, actually, the worst part is that I'm good at it. God help me I'm good at it. I don't know if it was Morgan - I hope it was her because it terrifies me that it might be all me - but I know how to nail the solos, and how to work the crowd, and how to rock like crazy in front of all those insane punkheads, even if half of them are glued to my massive tits."

"So yeah, I wear the leather jacket and the corset and the costumes and show off my chest sometimes which makes me feel so, so icky, but damn if I don't rock like hell on stage. Men are always having to be told 'hey, my eyes are up here pal' and most of the time I'm embarrassed to have these seriously big boobs, but when I'm up there, I don't give a shit. I rock, and it makes me feel better."

There was a protracted silence.

"I like your newest single," Chen said. "It had lots of words I like but cannot say." She took another gentle sip of her tea, but there was a troll-like smirk on her lips. The Mark part of her that loved busting his friends' balls had survived.

"I knew I'd seen her before," Sita said, proudly.

"She's a marvel to see," Aaron said, a little adoringly. "You should see the stuff she's working on now."

Sita leaned forward, exposing a line of cleavage that looked as deep as the Marian Trench. "I'm so jealous Aaron, I'd love to see it."

Raven elbowed her entranced friend. "Shut up dude, and stop looking at other women."

"Hey you're the one who keeps saying we're not dating, we're not boyfriend and girlfriend, that it's just 'curse sex' and so on."

"It is just curse sex!" exclaimed Raven, "stop trying to make it weird."

"But after the news that you're -"

"DUDE SHUT UP! Someone else go!"

"I will!" exclaimed the enthusiastic voice of Sita. Of all the figures present she was by far the most immodest. She wore a tight white top with a plunging neckline, with two vast breasts that jutted forward, larger than any other person's chest in the room - no small feat given some of those present. It was easy to imagine what Sita looked like before the man named Dylan Matthews became permanently part of her body, in the form of those two immense, wobbling breasts. She was very slim and petite, and mildly short, a waifish body made to be slim and elegant. As such, her incredibly ample bust looked too big on her small frame, practically dominating it, something the young woman seemed all the more pleased about.

"Well, my story is definitely the weirdest, and also the best. Oh, sorry Dyl, our story. Dylan used to be a real prick before he became my rockin' tits. Now the groper has become the groped, and there's a lot to grope!"

She wobbled her great chest for emphasis, and it continued to jiggle even as she started up again. "I always wanted big boobs, but puberty never gave them to me so I ended up flat as a board, which sucked. My parents were probably pretty happy about that, they didn't want me dating till I was in, like, my eighties or something. I wasn't even doing anything the night it happened, just hanging with my girlfriends and trying to pick up dudes, when WHAM! A knock to my chest sent me to the ground, and when I got up there was a huge weight nearly tipping me forward and over again. Suddenly I was absolutely fucking stacked, and I could hear a man's voice in my head. Somehow I knew that voice was coming from my new boobs, and I can tell you, they were freaking out about what had happened. Weird as all hell to suddenly not only have big knockers but to know they were once a person - a male person - and that they are still alive and kicking. Well, wobbling. Dylan has enough power to do a little jiggle from time to time. Why don't you show them Dyl? Go on. Pleeesease?"

As if caving to the silence and expectation that followed, a minor wobble followed across both breasts. Sita clapped, and Chad got caught up in it too and clapped until Roxie barked at him to stop.

"Anyway, it was hella weird to have a dude in my head screaming that he wasn't meant to be a pair of boobs, that he felt heavy and that he could see through my eyes and hear through my ears but otherwise just existed. But despite it all... I was happy. Boys couldn't stop staring. For once I was the 'hot one', and I loved it. Dylan's friend Gary came looking for him, but he quickly forgot all about Dylan when he saw the new me. Of course, he ended up getting real, real close to Dylan later that night anyway, not that he'll ever know it."

Chen winced. As did Raven. But Sita seemed unconcerned as she continued.

"Anyway, I know you guys got the bad end of stick with Morgan, and Dylan probably worst of all, but frankly I couldn't be happier. I've had a string of boyfriends, though these days Gary and I are mostly exclusive, and I've never been so confident in my body."

She seemed to confer with herself for a moment. "Sorry, our body. Dylan

wants credit where credit is due. He says if he's going to be stuck as a pair of tits the rest of his life then he thinks he should get recognition as a big part of my appeal. Thanks Dylan."

She reached a hand under her dress cups and massaged a nipple openly, moaning audibly.

"Sorry," she said to the astounded and confused crowd, "I like to do that to shut him up sometimes. Drives him wild."

Samantha was a bit flustered, and tried to gain control of the dialogue again. "Uh, well Sita, Dylan is just as much a member of this group as you are. How does he feel about all this?"

Sita paused to listen to the man trapped as her FF-cup boobs.

"He says he hates being my boobs, and he probably does, but I happen to know how much he enjoys being felt up and sucked on, especially by a guy that knows his stuff, and he feels good when people compliment my awesome rack, because let's face it, most of it is him. And he deserves the compliments too. He may have been a shithead as a man, but he's a fucking legendary set of tits, and sometimes I love playing with them just to hear his voice squealing in joy in my head. Yes, I told them Dylan, get over it. It's not exactly like you have much of a reputation to care about these days other than how long dudes enjoy staring at you on display.

"He also has started helping me select my dates, as well. I've been trending closer to my Gar-bear, but after three years I like to leave my dating options up to a little chaos, and Dylan has proven himself to be pretty perceptive on what kind of man will treat us both right. I mean, could you believe some guys don't want to fondle the fuck out of my tits, or take a job between them?"

There was a shudder throughout the group.

"So yeah, he knows where his bread is buttered. And at the end of the day I fucking love it. I've always wanted big boobs, and thanks to Dylan I finally have them. Plus I'm never alone, and just playing with him gives me the best orgasms. Sorry, was that TMI again? My friends tell me I really overcompensate now that I've got the boobs and I no longer live with my parents breathing down my neck. I don't care anyways. I gotta say, I'm kind of jealous of the preggos in the room. I bet Dylan would make so much milk. God, just thinking about it turns me on."

She suddenly burst out laughing.

"Sorry, he just told me that there's no way he wants to be stuck making milk, and especially no way he wants to have a baby sucking on him. Too bad Dylan. Gary and I are getting pretty serious these days, and while I don't think I'm quite ready for the life of motherhood just yet, I have to say I'm getting pretty jelly looking around the room right now. And while you may think it's weird to have your bestie sucking on your breastie, I know that part of you likes it. Maybe getting preggers will be just the thing for me. That hashtag Mumlife, ya know? I bet Dylan never would have thought he might wind up making milk for his own friend's kid one day."

"Ughhh," moaned Raven as she placed her head in her hands. Aaron looked discomfited.

"I'm just kidding! If babies happen, they happen. But I'm keeping my figure for a good few years yet, so you can relax, Dylan."

Her chest wobbled slightly in relief.

As that unfolded, Samantha regarded the unusual couple before her. Both Aaron and Raven were young adults, probably in early-to-mid twenties. The man - Aaron - was a well-built figure with sandy-blond hair and t-shirt that did well to reveal the muscled form beneath. He had the kind of face that would have easily attracted Sam once, but she couldn't help but notice that while such faces were made for easy-going expressions of confidence, he seemed to regard his feminised friend with cautious care, continuing to regard her anxiously, his hand hovering to offer support even as she rebuked his touch.

Raven, formerly Robert, was an altogether different figure. She was short, not even 5 feet tall, and very petite with the exception of her prominent bust. With her smokey eyeshadow, dark lipstick and purple-tinted hair, she was most certainly goth-punk. Were it not for the cleavage that was piled high from her corset, she would possess an almost elven quality of beauty just from her face. For the entire session so far she had been throwing furtive glances at Aaron when she thought he wasn't looking, and had looked quite ill when Samantha and Chen had been discussing the nature of their pregnancies, occasionally placing a hand over her flat stomach before withdrawing it.

Sam was no private investigator, but she had an idea of what was happening there.

"Perhaps we should move to you, Raven. Just tell us what you feel comfortable telling."

Raven looked irritated. "What's there to tell? I was a man. I got turned into a goth punk chick for coming onto Morgan a little too hard. She said I was too mainstream, and changed me to be like this. And here I am. I'm still a goth punk chick. I'm still addicted to heavy metal and I can't help but fucking love it. This body loves vodka."

At that, Sam said "Oh, I miss alcohol. It's been so long."

Raven continued though Samantha's comment seemed to unseat her for a moment. "Uh, anyway I still I get horny as all fuck around evening and have to let Aaron bone me or else it gets unbearable. Well, that's not true. It's more like I bone him, since he likes chicks that take the lead."

"Hey!" Aaron said, "you didn't need to tell them that."

Raven lit a cigarette. "You're the one who wanted me here dude. Besides, I didn't say you were bad at it. Riding you is like taking drugs, man. It's one of the few bonuses of being stuck like this. So here I - what gives!?"

Aaron had snatched the cigarette from her hand. "Bad idea. Remember?"

A change came over her face. "Oh... yeah."

Sam saw this as her moment to help Raven open up. "Have there been any other... changes Raven?"

Raven looked at her quizzically, not even minding when Aaron placed a comforting hand on her stockinged thigh.

"Oh, one thing did change, I got a tongue piercing."

"Oh for God's sake Raven, you might as well tell them," Aaron said.

Raven rolled her eyes. "Fine! I found out I'm pregnant alright? I've joined that fucking club! We got careless one time." She threw up her hands and laughed bitterly. "One time! Aaron ran out of condoms and I was So. Fucking. Horny. And I jumped him anyway and said 'let's risk it dude', a sentence I never thought I'd have to say. But two weeks ago I woke up sick as shit in the morning and vomited up the previous night's dinner. I thought it was nothing - hoped it was - but it kept happening and I had to cancel a performance, so Aaron brought home a pile of pregnancy tests. And sure enough, I'm knocked up with his kid. I'm only eight weeks along, so I'm not showing, thank fuck, but already my boobs are getting tender and I'm freaking out man. I'm not ready to be some kid's mom, no offence to anyone here, and I certainly don't want to end up a big pregnant goth chick stuck on my back spreadeagle and cussing in pain while I push a whole fucking baby through my hooch."

At this Aaron pulled her into a hug, and she didn't recoil as she sobbed.

"Have you thought about aborting?" Sita suggested carefully. After the silly high of her story, she seemed to be genuinely compassionate on this subject.

Raven withdrew her head from Aaron's chest and sniffled. "Yeah. First thing I thought of. I actually walked there with Aaron but I was too much of a pussy to go through with it. I was raised Catholic. Dumb, I know, since even before I got stuck having sex out of wedlock every single day I was never the best churchgoer. Still, some stuff rubs off. It's a bloody big decision, and it's not just mine. Aaron got the better end of the deal but it's not his fault I've got his kid growing in me."

"It's still your decision Raven," he said gently, "you know I'll support you either way. I'm here for you."

Raven blinked back tears. "Shit, my makeup's smudged."

"If you decide keep baby," Chen said, "I can lend clothes, help you learn how to take care of your baby." She rubbed her swollen belly for emphasis.

"I can help too," Sam said. "I'll be busy with my own triplets, but I've got not doubt I'll be able to lend some stuff."

He nodded thanks. "So long as you all respect Raven's wishes."

Raven looked up at him. "I don't know how you're dealing with this so well. I know I'm stuck like this, but you haven't dated or seen anyone



since I got changed."

He put an arm around her. "Well, you never let me, remember? You distinctly told me it wouldn't be fair if I got to 'fuck chicks on the side.'"

"Bad idea to fuck chicks on the side," nodded Chad, as if this were sage wisdom.

She chuckled softly, the flow of tears stopping. "Yeah, but you know I just say those things. You always stick around even after we fuck. You helped me find a place after my parents kicked me out, and you moved in! And it's not just sex. You got me that sweet electric guitar. You soundproofed the room so I could play and record anytime I want. You got into that fight for me and got the fucking tar beat out of you."

Chen whispered something knowingly in Mandarin.

"I know I have to bone you every day, but why do everything else? Is it guilt? I know you feel bad but I don't want you to just do stuff for me forever just because you pity me."

He doesn't pity you, he does these things because he loves you, you idiot, Sam thought. Looking around the room, at the way Chen was awing and Sita was practically bursting with realisation, she could tell others recognised it too. Even Roxie was panting with excitement, pulling on Chad's leash.

"It's not pity Raven", Aaron said.

"Yes it is. You feel sorry because I got stuck as a goth girl with big tits who's dependent on you, and even more now that we stupidly got pregnant."

"And I'm telling you it's not that!"

She stood from the chair to her unimpressive 4'10 height and spread her pale arms, her impressive bust rising in her corset as she yelled.

"Then why do you do all this!"

Aaron stood to loom over her.

"BECAUSE I FUCKING LOVE YOU!" he declared.

Silence rang out, and a series of emotions played out over Raven's wide-eyed face. Unconsciously she placed a hand on her currently-flat stomach.

"You... you love me?"

Aaron put his hands on her shoulders. "I love you Raven. I have for over well over a year now. The reason I don't see other women is because every day I get to see you. You're my best mate. You make me laugh, and you're awesome. I fell in love with you the moment I saw you perform that first time. The way you let loose... and I know you don't feel the same way, and I'm sorry if this makes it awkward. But I love you Raven, I really do." As he finished speaking, he ran a finger through her black

hair. He leaned forward to kiss her, something he had never done outside of their daily 'sessions', and slowly, ever so slowly, she kissed him back.

The room erupted into cheers and a wolf whistle from Chad, leaving the couple to chuckle awkwardly. She turned away red-faced and embarrassed, the two smiling involuntarily as they shared a glance.

"Don't make it all weird, everyone," Raven said with an angry frown, clutching her arm awkwardly. "Dude, I don't even know if I'm ready for this. My hormones are all fucked up at the moment, and I only found out I'm pregnant two weeks ago."

Aaron held her tiny hand in his.

"We take it slow. Together."

He kissed her forehead, and she bit her lip in an embarrassed half-smile.

"EEUUGH!" Samantha moaned. A great tremor ran through her boulder of a belly, far more powerful than any she had ever experienced. Her babies - her former friends - squirmed with excitement and fear inside her, and a trickle of liquid ran down her thighs to pool beneath her.

"C'mon, it's not that sappy," Raven declared.

"No, it's not that!" Samantha declared, clutching her great mound, which was now visibly throbbing. She cringed in pain. "MMMNNNHGHNN!! My water just broke! I'm finally going into labor!" Oh God, finally!"

Chen was already moving to help her. Samantha's expression was one of both fear and relief.

"NNHHN... G-good meeting everyone. W-we should do this again!" she cried as a contraction rolled through her. Chad was already rising to help her stand, as was Aaron.

"Shall I call an ambulance?" Sita asked.

Sam shook her head. "My n-neighbbour can drive m-me. Just need to get out on the s-street, oooh! I think this is a perfect time to end today's session. D-did we want to meet again after I deliver these damn gremlins"

Aaron turned to a still red-faced Raven. She touched her hair, and looked away, trying not to smile. Chad looked to Roxie, who barged and nodded. Chen simply stared at her children, mind already made up. Sita, being Sita, jumped in the air and whooped, grabbing Aaron and Raven both by the shoulders.

"Fuck yes, girls! Let's do it!"

The various figures went their separate ways, some helping Samantha leave her house, others caught up in a future romance neither of them had ever fully imagined.

Soon, as the cars left, as Raven sat planning to ride Aaron's brains

out, and Sita planned to hit the town, and Chad planned a walk for the excited Roxie, there was just Chen on the street. The air was getting a little cold, but she was not worried. Fred arrived in a timely fashion, and refused to let her pack up the stroller once Kade and Cameron were safely secured in the backseat. He was a gentleman that way.

"Ready to go home, my love?" he asked, as he gently eased her into her seat.

"I'm ready, husband."

Fred closed her door, and Chen simply relaxed in the moment, feeling the light tremors of her gestating children. As a man, as a hateful bigot, she had never known such peace.

But because she had closed her eyes, she didn't notice what Fred alone did. As he moved to get into the car, he witnessed a dark shadow hovering under a broken street lamp. For just a moment, the lamp switched back on, and an attractive young brunette stood, looking amused and proud. Fred was silent, but shocked, and prayed that she was not here to wreak further havoc. But instead, Morgan the witch simply tipped her broad-brim hat in respect, and raised a finger to her lips.

The message was clear: This was just a check in. Say nothing.

Fred got in the car, and drove his wife home. He never mentioned Morgan, but when he got home, once the boys were in their cribs, he made tender love to his wife, and helped her fall to sleep while massaging her tired feet.

And Morgan stayed beneath that streetlamp, smiling to herself, and one other present.

"A mostly-happy ending, in the end," she declared. It was important she attended this function. After all, the last victim of that night was one none of them had known of; the leering cab driver that had become the cute cocktail dress that Morgan wore that very moment. His journey, too, had been one of slow acceptance.

"Well, the night is still young, Peter. Shall we see what trouble we can get up to?"

The dress gave its assent.

???

As the night ended...

... Roxie enjoyed her night walk out with her former boyfriend, exploring the scents of the city park at night. Chad let her loose from the leash as her favourite canine lover - a gorgeous black labrador - approached to mount her. While she was often saddened she would never be human again, at least she was still very popular among her own kind...

... an incredibly pregnant young lady named Samantha was breathing heavily on her back, being urged to push by an array of nurses and doctors. She huffed and panted and groaned beneath the great weight of her taut dome, but she cried in relief when one of her former friends entered the world as the first of her babies...

... Chen Hwau tucked her beautiful twins into bed, and patted her own pregnant belly, which was only a few months away from bringing more life into the world. After serving up a late night snack for her husband, she sensed his want for her. She bent over the kitchen table as he took her from behind. There, in the mirror, between gasps of pleasure, she was once more overcome with shock at how much her life had changed, and how much she had changed. She may miss being dominant at times, and certainly misses beer and feely manly, but she couldn't give the life she had now up for the world...

... Aaron and Raven did not have sex for the first time in three years. Instead, they made love. The two magically-changed individuals could barely keep their hands off each other that night. As Raven rode her friend, she was overcome with inspiration for her next song. After all, just because she was going to get more and more of a belly didn't mean she'd stop performing. She had to start their little punk rocker early, after all...

... Dylan bounced, wobbled, jiggled, and flopped as Sita gave her part-time boyfriend Gary the mother of all tit jobs. As the man's hard cock slid between his two heavy portions, Dylan could only moan mentally to Sita, who was only turned on more by her breasts' resigned pleasures. Dylan would likely never fully accept his new status as a pair of immense breasts, but he had to admit; it was the easy life. He could only hope Sita picked the right outfit to show him off in the morning. He was starting to like the attention...

... and out in the city, or perhaps in the country, or perhaps on another continent, a witch and her dress were up to new antics, leaving a new wake of transformers in their wake...

THE END